

K [m. 12] 18th cen
Parody on CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

BRITANNIA, in the character of Cato, sitting at a table, on which is Magna Charta, and a Bible; the cap of liberty in her hand, and the room hung with the Portraits of Camillus, Brutus, Algernon, Sidney, and other British Patriots. At her feet a bag of money, with this inscription, Secret Services — BRITANNIA, looking at the pictures, addresses them thus :

IT must be so—Patriots, you reason well :
 Else why this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after English Liberty :
 Or whence this secret dread and inward horror,
 Of Britons being slaves ? Why shrinks the soul
 Back in herself, and startles at inthralment ?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,
 'Tis Freedom's self that points out Magna Charta,
 And intimates dear Liberty to man.
 Dear Liberty ! thou pleasing, well-try'd gift !
 Thro' what variety of revolutions,
 Thro' what temptations and what threats you've

pass'd !
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before us,
 But ministerial maxims shade the view.
 Here will we hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
 (And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
 Thro' all her works) he must delight in Freedom,
 And that which he delights in, must be happy.

[She points to the bible, and Magna Charta.]
 Thus am I doubly arm'd—my soul, my life,
 My future and my present bliss are here.

Begone, thou venom to the soul of truth !

[Kicking the bag of money away.]
 Thou mischief-making mammon ! thus I spurn
 thee !

Thy tainted touch defiles the Patriot's mind,
 And all thy bribes are badges of oppression !